

PETER LUGG:

OR,

Theology

THREE TALES

OF AN

Bundle

Old Woman of Bangor

Preaching over her Liquor.

Recommended to the Perusal of COUR-
TIERS, SOLDIERS, BEAUS, BISHOPS,
CITS, WITS, CRITICKS, PRIESTS,
POETS, or whomsoever that pleases
to Buy.

----- *Plebs est pessimus Tyrannus.*
Arma tenenti, omnia dat, qui iusta negat.

LONDON: Printed for T. Warner, at the
Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1718.

Price 6 d.

PETER LUGG

THESE

Old Woman of Caribot

Bye-bye, my dear friend!



BANG-ORIAN TALES, &c.

WHEN the State of *Hungary* was pester'd with many mutinous Factions, so that the Common-wealth groan'd under the Burthen of Sedition and Tumults; the Church was infected with various Schisms and false Opinions, which stain'd it with the Blemish of Dissentions. *Ugrade*, a City much disturbed with this Civil Controversy, instead of Palms that denoted Peace, abounded with Arms that threaten'd War: The Publick Places of Resort for the Traffick of Merchants of all Nations, was made use of only to discourse of Politicks: The Senate went not cloath'd in Purple, but in Scarlet, as if they wanted to maintain their Safety: Age, Honour, or Religion, had no Privilege; but the Nobility with Ambition, and the Commons with Revenge, so dissented in their several Opinions, that the particular Ruine of the City, and the general Subversion of the Constitution was daily fear'd and expected: Yet, amidst these Broils, the House of *Arnatia* so behav'd themselves, that they were neither Friends to the *Guelphs*, nor Foes to the *Chebelins*, but with an equal Poise of Affections, ballanc'd the factious Dispositions of those two mortal Enemies. *Farnatio* was a Nobleman, who was honour'd for his Illustrious Birth, and rever'd for his exalted Vertue: One, who in his Youth prov'd his Courage by his Actions, and justified his Age by his Conduct; who discovering the Misery of the Times, by Experience found that the Dew which descended from
a peace-

a peaceable Retirement, was sweeter than the Shower that pour down from Strife and Contention; not that he thought it dishonourable to be a Soldier, but he counted it Wisdom to be quiet.

Therefore, to avoid all Suspicion that might happen from his Residence near the Court, he retired with his whole Family, and some of his nearest Relations, to a Country-Seat of his an Hundred Miles from the Metropolis. The old Earl being thus attended, in a few Days arrived at his Grange-House, the happy Residence of his Fore-fathers, which by Situation was melancholly, being plac'd in the midst of several fine Woods, consisting chiefly of fair, large, spreading Oaks, fitting for Persons inclin'd to Philosophical Contemplations, rather than such young Gentlemen and Ladies, as attended this Nobleman, and whose Thoughts aim'd not at the Stoical Content of *Pythagoras*; but were plac'd upon quite different Views, than what they could expect to meet with in such a Country-Habitation. *Farnatio*, at the first View, observing a Discontent arising in their Looks, and judging right, that this proceeded from the melancholly Situation and Solitariness of the Place, at the Entrance of the House spoke thus:

Gentlemen and Ladies, The learned and wise have given their Opinion, that Desire hangs not always on the Heel of Pleasure, but that Mankind ought to have an allotted time for Reflection as well as Action, and that there is a Day to Mourn as well as a Day for Mirth: And we that have lived pleasantly at *Augusta*, wearying our selves, and wearing out time in Vanity, may now refine our Senses with more innocent Pleasures, that have been dull'd so long with the Taste of different Objects; and for some time please our selves with this Solitude, wherein I think the greatest Satisfaction consists in a friendly Conversation, without the vain Supposition of such as think none Philosophers but *Cynicks*, and none Religious but *Enthusiasts*. Thus, Gentlemen, said he, I assign you your Penance, and therefore shew me your Consent by your Countenances. *Farnatio's* Nephew, who was a Man of singular Learning and Humanity, made answer for the rest, and said,

They

they were all content. Upon which the old Count leading the way, enter'd the House, where finding all things ready, they went to Dinner; the fresh Air had procur'd good Appetites, that little Talk pass'd till they had done; when the old Countess, Wife to *Farnatio*, desir'd leave of the Company to entertain them with a Story, which was as follows:

When the City of *Buda* was free from the Invasion of the *Turks*, and was one of the chief Bulwarks of Christendom, there reign'd a King call'd *Vadislaus*, a Man so happy from his Youth, as if all Nature had conspir'd to make him Fortunate. By Birth he was Royally descended from the ancient Kings of *Hungary*, and was then sole Monarch of the *Transalpine* Regions. Nature had so well perform'd her Office in the Lineaments of his Body, as well as the Endowments of his Mind, that it was a Question, which of these might challenge the Pre-eminency; but as the purest Chrystal hath its Flaws, the clearest Sky its Clouds, so *Vadislaus*, 'midst all these Gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestow'd, was puff'd up with such an acquir'd disdainful Pride, that not only gain'd him the particular Disgust of his Nobility, but a general Hatred and Disdain of the common People: Seated thus, as he thought, in Security, tho' really otherwise; (for the Fate of Kings ruling discontented Subjects, is as brittle as Glass) he fancied Fortune had been chain'd to his Throne, and that the Forehead of Time was not furrow'd with Wrinkles; that Kings might command the Heavens, and that such Monarchs as himself might, with *Xerxes*, attempt to bind the Ocean in Fetters. But Experience taught him, that Fortune was like the Picture of *Janus*, double fac'd; in the one Flattery was represented, and in the other Envy; that Time had two Wings, the one with Dove's Feathers, the other the Pens of an Eagle; that Kings might determine, but Heaven would dispose; that a Scepter was no Privilege against Misfortunes: For one Day, as it was his Custom, desiring to refresh himself with the fragrantcy of the Fields, and to be solitary for a while, he sent for a Nobleman of his Court to attend him, whom only, amongst all the rest, he admitted into private familiarity; was a

Count call'd *Selides*, who waited on him secretly out at a Pleasure Gate, and walked with him to a Grove adjacent to the Palace, where in an Arbour which Nature, without the help of Art, had form'd, he employ'd part of the Day in melancholy Reflections; at last, elated with an Opinion of his own Happiness, commanding *Selides* aside, he began thus to sooth himself in his own Folly.

Hast thou heard *Vadislans*, nay dost thou not know that Kings are Gods? And why Gods? Because they are Kings, that a Crown contains a world of Pleasure, and Fortune cringes to a Scepter: That the Majesty of a Prince is like the Lightning from the East, and the Threats of a King like the Noise of Thunder: What say'st thou, *Vadislans*, are Kings Gods; why dost thou so much debase thy self? The *Transalpine* Regions, that border on the *Rhine*, are thine; thou art sole King in all these Dominions. The Stars fear to cross thee; the Temple of Peace opens her Gates at thy Presence; thou art Rich and dreaded, therefore happy. A King thou art *Vadislans*, and seated so surely in thy Monarchy, that did the Heavens themselves oppose thy Happiness and Prosperity, their Spight would be in vain to seek thy Ruine: Therefore, *Vadislans*, bring not Contempt upon thy Royal Dignity, by too much familiarity: Disdain, in a King, is the Emblem of their Majesty: 'Tis glorious for Princes to make their Subjects tremble at the thought of Sovereignty. So then, *Vadislans*, let this Censure be ratified, and from henceforth use thy Nobility like Tools to execute thy Will, but for Companions none. At this he swell'd big, being intoxicated with the Dregs of his own Folly, and desirous to be soothed in his Fancy, he call'd to him Count *Selides*, to whom he spoke thus:

Thou seest, *Selides*, I am a King to be fear'd of Men, because honour'd of the Gods; tell me now freely, and without Flattery, what dost thou think either of me or of my Government? The Count, who all his Life-time had been a Courtier, first ask'd the King Pardon, and then return'd him this Answer.

I cannot deny, Sir, but Kings are Gods, in that they ought to resemble them in Government and Virtue; but

the sweetest Flower in the Garden hath its Prickles, so
 hath a Crown its Thorns; that were all its secret Trou-
 les apparent to the naked Eye, Ambition it self would
 hardly grasp at it. A Scepter deck'd with Gems is beau-
 tiful, but dangerous: Kings are Men, and therefore sub-
 ject to Mistakes; Mortal, and so equally Slaves to For-
 tune with their Subjects: Kings Heads are not impal'd
 with Fame because they're Kings, but because they're Vir-
 tuous: *Cesar* was not so famous for his Empire, as his Cle-
 mency: *Severus* not for his Treasure, but his Justice; *An-*
toninus Pius had his Statue erected in the Capitol, not be-
 cause he sway'd the Scepter, but that he was merciful. So
 think your Majesty a King indeed, honour'd with the
 highest Titles of Royal Dignity, and bless'd with large
 and plentiful Dominions, and it is not fit that a Subject
 should mislike the Government of his Prince; only this I
 heartily wish, continu'd Count *Selides*, that your Majesty
 may live favour'd of Heaven, and belov'd of Men. He
 that bruise the Olive-Tree with hard Iron, fetcheth out
 no Oil but Water; and he that pierce a stubborn Heart,
 extracteth nothing but Hate and Revenge. For *Vadislau*
 was so enraged at the friendly Counsel of *Selides*, that sti-
 ling his Resentment in Silence, he answer'd him not, but
 retir'd home to the Palace; where, in a few Days after,
 he had so prepossess'd the rest of the Nobility against *Se-*
lides, that he was a Criminal against the State; his
 Goods were confiscated to the King's Use, himself exil'd,
 and his only Daughter left destitute of Father or Subs-
 stance.

The Count, arming himself with Patience against the
 utmost that Fortune could do, reckon'd it the best to
 make a Virtue of Necessity; so instead of a Portion of
 Riches to his Daughter, he left her the Advice of a tender
 Father, who had learn'd Instruction from Virtue and Ex-
 perience; counting it more Happiness to have his Daugh-
 ter Wise than Rich: Thus parting from his only Child,
 his Friends and Country, he griev'd with all the Sorrow
 of a Man that could command his Passion, so that Despair
 should not surmount his Reason. The Lady, as she was
 fashion'd in a softer Mould, and of a tenderer Nature, let
 loose

loose the Fountains of her Tears, without regard to any thing but Passion, yielding her self a Slave to every soft Emotion of her bleeding Heart : Upon her last farewell, fell on the Shore all comfortless, and thus with the most piercing Grief made her Complaint.

Disconsolate *Messia*, for for so she was call'd, abandon'd as thou art, where shalt thou first begin to reckon up thy Woes, or make an end of thy despairing Sorrows. Thy Flower of Youth, which others count their Happiness, is nothing now to thee but a full Age of sad Misfortunes. Experience teaches that for Truth to thee, which yesterday thou took but for a Fable ; That Nobility is no Protection from Disasters ; that the highest Oaks are soonest blasted with the Lightning ; that small Brooks pour forth their Streams with greatest Silence, when great Seas roar aloud with noisy Tempests : Envy, the Moth-Worm of Content, neglects the poor Man's Cottage to revel in a Palace. Then, *Messia*, what Reason hast thou to bemoan thy present Circumstances, and rather not rejoice at what may happen : Accuse not Fate or Fortune as thy Foes, when all that their Revenge can do, will add nought to thy Loss, but Liberty. Thou hast been honourable, therefore rever'd and dreaded ; how thou art poor, therefore secure : Restless and fearful of Misfortunes thou hast been under a Palace Roof, now soft Content affords thee sweeter Slumbers in a Cottage : There, Nobility was counterpois'd with Care ; here, Poverty enrich'd with Peace. Then, *Messia*, change thy Affections with thy Fortune : Live as tho' thou wert born poor, and Hope as one assured to die rich ; for there is no greater Felicity than Peace, no greater Treasure than Content. But, alas, my Father ! my aged Father ! Scarce had she said these Words, e'er Grief presented to her Thoughts Distress in such Confusion, that either the Heart must break in smothering it, or else the Tongue and Eyes dissolve into Complaints and Tears. Ah cruel and injurious Fortune ! said she, well did *Zenobia* paint thee Blind. But silence, *Messia*, lest the blind Deity, hearing thy Complaint, rejoice in her own Malice, and triumph in thy Sorrows. The sweetest Balm

of adverse Fate is Patience, and we can offer Fortune no
 Revenge so great, as to rest content in Misery. What
 can thy Tears avail thy absent Father, *Mesia*? Comfort
 thy self, and what thou should'st bestow in fruitless
 Grief, spend to redress thy Father's Cares, in Prayers to
 Heaven, to reward his Sufferings.

Upon this Resolution she rested; and because she would
 keep a *Decorum* in her Dress, as well as her Actions, she
 chang'd her rich Habit for an homely Apparel, and so al-
 tering her Thoughts as well as her Cloaths, she set out
 from the Court, and travell'd into the Country, where,
 seeking for a livelyhood, she had not wander'd long be-
 fore she met with a rich Farmer's Son, who being hand-
 somely deck'd up in his Holy-day Cloaths, was going de-
 cidentally to be Foreman in a Morrice-Dance, and was thus
 dress'd. He was a slender Youth, clean made, with a good
 tolerable Face, having on his Head a white Felt, bound
 about with a Band of Blue Buckram; he had on his Fa-
 ther's best tawney worsted Jacket, for that upon this Day's
 exploit he stood upon his Credit; he was in a pair of Red
 kerse-Hose, and his Mother had lent him a new Muslin
 or a Napkin, which he had ty'd to his Girdle for fear of
 losing: He had a pair of Harvest-Gloves on his Hands,
 and his Pumps were a little of the heaviest, being made
 of a pair of Boot-legs, ty'd before with two white leather
 thongs: Thus handsomely array'd, he met fair *Mesia*, and
 seeing her so far exceed their Country-Maids, tho' dress'd
 like them, he stood amaz'd, as one that had not known
 whether she was of human Race or no: For this was her
 Description.

Her Shape was fine, her Stature tall,
 Like some bright Beauty in the Mall;
 A stately Pace she had indeed;
 The Queen of Heav'n cou'd not exceed.
 Her Brow was deck'd with Love and Grace,
 A very *Venus* in her Face.
 Her sweet red Lips promis'd Delight,
 Eyes sparkled like a Starry Night.

Her

Her Hair, with Silk in Tresses twin'd,
 Hung waving down her Neck behind :
 White as the Snow her Breast and Hand,
 Her Foot like *Thetis* on the Sand.
 In fine,
 A Piece to all Perfection true,
 To shew what Nature's Pow'r can do.

Thus the Lady was describ'd : And this curious Form
 of hers drove the Country Youth into this Admiration
 at last *Mesia*, seeing the poor Fellow in a Maze, after sa-
 luting him as Country-like as she could, and yet too
 courtly for his Understanding, enquired of him, If he
 knew any good honest House where she might be enter-
 tain'd as a Servant : The young Man, who all this while
 had stared her in the Face, told her she came in Pudding-
 time, for his Mother wanted a Maid ; and if she could
 take Pains, no doubt but she would find a House fit for
 her purpose ; and I have such good hopes, said he, that
 you will prove well, that altho' I should have been Fore-
 man in a *May-Game* to Day, yet I will rather spoil their
 Sport than your Market, and so will turn back to lead you
 the Way to our House. *Mesia* return'd him Thanks, and
 together they went to his Father's, where after the Young-
 ster had talk'd a-while with his Mother, for he was his
 Father's eldest Son, the Good Wife had such a liking of
 the Maid, that she gave her Earnest to serve her for a
 Year. *Mesia*, being thus honestly plac'd, by her good Be-
 haviour grew into such Favour with all the House, that
 the old Folks began to think her a fit Match for their eld-
 est Son, and upon this Account used her very well.

But leaving *Mesia* to the Satisfaction she could meet
 with in the Condition where she was plac'd, I return to
Vadislaws, who having glutted his Envy with the Revenge
 he took in banishing the good Earl, so exalted himself in
 his own Opinion, that he forgot he was a Man : Pride had
 drawn him into a belief, that the Will of a Prince was his
 Law, and that Kings could not err : Disdain and Con-
 tempt, two Monsters in Nature, had so bewitch'd his
 Mind, that as his Actions grew insolent, so his Govern-
 ment

ment became tyrannous and hateful. He sought, or desired not to sit in his Throne with a Branch of Palm, to govern peaceably; but used a Scepter like a Rod of Iron, to rule by Constraint. He did not long reign thus, before he got the mortal Hatred of his Subjects. The poor Commons murmured and groaned under the heavy Burden of his Cruelty; the Nobility began to consider, that *Rome* suffered more under a *Caligula* in one Year, than it flourished in many under the virtuous Government of a *Trajan*: And that the Tyranny of a King does more Mischief in a Moment, than good Policy can restore in Ages. Whereupon they resolved to advise and persuade him from that Course of Life, which in time would bring the Commonwealth to Ruin, and himself to Misfortune; so finding proper Time and Occasion, they unanimously addressed him. But *Vadislans*, whose native Haughtiness would not permit to be controul'd, or even hearken to Advice, returned them this scornful Answer.

My Lords, As the Sun is seated in the Heavens, so Kings are fixed on Earth. The Actions of Princes are like the Pearls of *Arabia*, too far beyond the Reach of vulgar Eyes for every one to censure, or pass a Judgment upon. Take Care, my Lords, let the Prejudices of others be a President to warn you. Methinks the Misfortune of *Selides* might be a Caution to you how you press too much on my Favour. Kings are not to be governed, for they are Kings; and therefore henceforward judge not of my Actions. With that he flung from them in a Rage, threatening Revenge to all who durst mislike his Government. The Nobility whom *Disdain* had fired, began to murmur at the King's Resolution; and either to free the State from Milery, or by attempting an Enterprize thus worthy of themselves, procure their own Misfortune. Amongst them all, *Rodemo*, a Nobleman bolder than the rest, broke out into a Passion thus:

My Lords, and Worthy Peers of *Hungary*, dreaded for your Courage, and famous for your Victories, let not a Prince's private Will be the Ruin of such a mighty Kingdom: If Kings are Gods, let them govern like Gods, or give us Leave to think them the worst of Men.

Let the Examples of other Nations engage us to the Consideration of our present State. The *Athenians* prefer'd the Good of their Country before the Pride of *Alcibiades*; *Cæsar* was slain in the Senate; *Hannibal* twice exiled *Carthage*; *Dionisius* banish'd *Sicily*. Crowns, my Lords, are no Placarts for Wickedness; Security attends a Scepter no longer than it is held with Justice; a Crown's no longer glorious, than while it is adorn'd with Virtue.

Rodento having set their Hearts on Fire with these Words, they all consented to recal Count *Selides* from Banishment; and if, at their second Instance, the King would not alter his Measures, to make him sole Monarch of *Hungary*. They delay'd not their intended Purposes, but secretly dispatched Letters to Count *Selides*, who at first suspected farther Mischief; but being thoroughly satisfied by their Messenger of their faithful Intentions, he hastened to them, and arrived privately at *Rodento's* House; where being entertained suitable to his Merit and Quality, the next Day the Nobility met together, and acquainted the Earl, that to reward his Sufferings for his Country's sake, they had resolv'd, either to restore him to his former State and Condition, or else attempt to set the Crown upon his Head. The Count unwilling to yield to their Request, and yet seeing his Refusal would not prevail with them, at last consented, and went along with them to Court, where they found the King, according to Custom, alone, and overpowered with Spleen and Melancholy, who, e'er he saluted the Lords of the Court, cast his Eye upon Count *Selides*; at whose Sight being inflamed with Anger, and darting Envy from his Eyes, he ask'd, Why *Selides* was recalled from Banishment? How he durst presume to approach his Presence? Which of his Lords was so bold to admit him into their Company? *Rodento* answering for the rest, said, That as *Selides* was banished without Cause, so he might lawfully return without Pardon: That Offences measured with Envy, were to be healed without Intreaty; and therefore did no more than they all present were ready to justify. And whereas his Majesty was infatuated so as to maintain his Will for a Law, and

make

make a *Metamorphosis* of a Monarchy into a Government of Tyranny, they were come to dissuade him from such Folly; wherein if he resolv'd to persist, they were determined not only to deprive him of his Crown, but to fix it on the Head of *Selides* before his Face.

Vadislav hearing this peremptory Resolution of his Lords, was not daunted; but with a sullen Brow, and disdainful Look, told them, that he feared not their Threats. For said he, the treacherous Attempt of a Subject cannot discourage the Resolution of a King. When the Slaves of *Scythia* rebelled against their Lord, they were not subdued with Arms, but Whips. *Cyrus* punished Traytors, not with the Ax, but a Fool's Coat, to brand 'em with perpetual Shame. Therefore, my Lords, I charge you on your Allegiance, to seize the Traytor *Selides*, put him in Prison, till my Pleasure be farther known; and for your own Parts, submit, and ask Pardon.

The Noblemen could not be dissuaded from their Intent by the King's Threats, but following their Purpose, they presently deposed him of all Regal Dignity, and celebrated the Coronation of *Selides*; who being seated in the Throne, had no sooner got the Scepter in his Hand, but Envy and Revenge took Possession of his Heart; for he commanded *Vadislav* to be stript of his Royal Robes, and put into Rags; instead of a Crown, to give him a Serip; for a Scepter, a Palmer's Staff, making general Proclamation, that none of what Degree soever should allow him any settled Maintenance, but that his Inheritance should be the wide Fields, and his Revenue the Charity of his Subjects. The Nobility shook him off as a Refuse, the Commons avoided him as not fit for a Companion; both forgetting he had been their King, unconcernedly smiled at his Misfortune. *Vadislav* as one in a Trance, having gone a little Way from his Palace, and viewing the Place which just before had been the Seat of his Pleasure, now the Object of his Sorrow; where he had commanded as a King, now he must obey as a Slave, fell into this distressed Complaint.

Is Youth, the Pride of Nature to be wreck'd with every Flaw? Is Honour the Privilege of Nobility subject to every Fall? Hath Majesty that makes us Fellow-Partners with the Gods, no Warrant to grant us Share of their Divinities; that as we are equal in Dignity, so we may be immortal in Happiness. Why dost thou enter, *Vadislans*, into such frivolous Enquiries, when thy present Misfortune tells thee, Kings are but Men, and the very Subjects of Fortune? Ah! unhappy Man! Hadst thou confessed as much as now Experience sets before thy Eyes, thou hadst still been King of *Hungary*. Hadst thou govern'd like a King, in Justice, thou hadst still ruled like a King, in Honour. Ah! *Vadislans*! Had Consideration taught thee beforehand these Principles, thou hadst neither found the Seats of Kings unsure, Majesty out of Time, nor Fortune, but as she is to all Men, inconstant. But what didst thou do as a King, that did not become a King? Disdain, I tell thee, is the Glory of a Scepter, and in that still be resolute. Be thou never so poor in Condition, be still a Prince in Thought. The Gods may dispose of Wealth, but not of Birth. Imaginations are as sweet as Actions. Think thy self a King still; and tho' thou canst not reign over Nobility, be yet a King over Beggars. Hold Poverty as a Slave, by thinking thy Want Abundance. Fle, *Vadislans*! never shrink; now thou art more than a King; for thou art a Monarch over Fate and Fortune.

Vadislans having thus fortified his Mind with a desperate Kind of Patience, travelled in Disguise thro' his own Country, poor and despicable. *Selides* being now safely fixed on the Throne, after he had set the Affairs of the Publick in good Order, took all imaginable Care to know where his Daughter was; but hearing no News of her, made a general Proclamation, That whosoever could tell what was become of *Mesia* the King's Daughter, should be highly advanced and rewarded for his Pains. The Farmer's Son happened to be with his Mother's Butter at the Market, when this Proclamation was made; and coming home, told it in secret, for great News, how that the King was deposed from his Crown, and *Selides* advanced

in his Place ; and that whosoever could tell where *Messia* was, should be well rewarded. The old Farmer nodding his Head at this News, made Answer, You may see, my son, quoth he, what it is to be a great Man. I tell you, the Grandeur of Kings covers a great deal of Care ; as they have many Pleasures, so they undergo many Dangers, warrant thee, Wife, said he, we have as much Health with Feeding on the brown Loaf, as a Prince hath with all his Delicacies ; and I steal more sweet Naps in the Chimney Corner, than the King doth quiet Sleeps in his bed of Down. But it is no Matter, let us not meddle with State Affairs ; if the Council have thought fit to depose *Vadislans*, he may thank himself for it ; and if they have crowned *Selides*, we see a good Example ; but I wish I could tell where the King's Daughter is.

Messia, who heard this News of her Father's Advancement, smiled within her self, to think that Fortune had made so smart and quick a Revenge. The Reflection of her Honour stained her Cheeks with a Purple Dye, to think of her present Drudgery, and what Change might happen at her Pleasure, would she discover her self. But when she considered the Sayings of her old Master, and knew by Experience how fickle Fortune was in her Favour ; what Misfortunes attended Majesty ; and what a secure Life it was to be poor. Honour and Ambition incited her to discover what she was, but Quiet perswaded her to the contrary. Perplexed thus with various Thoughts, after her House was handsomely cleaned, and put in Order, she took her Spinning Wheel to the Door, and there sitting down solitarily in the Shade, e'er she had turned the Wheel three or four times about, *Vadislans*, in his Beggar's Cloaths, came to the Door, and seeing so neat a Country Wench a spinning, without any Salutation, put himself in a fix'd Posture to gaze on her Face. The Maid taking him for some surly Beggar, without farther Regard to him, began, after her usual Manner, to sing thus :

Sweet are the Thoughts that bring Content,
The poor Man's Joy, to crown :

Sweet

Sweet are the Nights in careless Slumbers spent,
 In spite of Fortune's Frown.
 Such sweet Content, such Joy, such Sleep, such Bliss
 Beggars enjoy, which Princes often miss.

This Song of *Mesia* so sensibly affected *Vadislaws*, that wondering what pretty Musician this should be, that had so sweet a Voice, he began to interrupt her after this Manner. Fair Maid, for so at least you are, and if I say you are beautiful, 'tis no more than your just due: Pray tell me, is this Country Cottage thy Father's House? If so, how comes it from thy Birth and Education, that thou knowest what Discontents there are in Dignity, and what Care attends a Crown: Hast thou seen the Court and so talkest by Experience. or didst thou learn this Ditty as a Song of Course. *Mesia* hearing the Beggar so inquisitive, especially speaking in such a commanding Manner, took him up very sharply thus.

'Tis for Beggars, said she, whom Fortune hath made Slaves to Courtesy, to intreat for Alms civilly, and not ask Questions impertinently: For as Poverty is their Charter so Humility ought to be their Practice. Whatever I suffer does not tolerate you to exceed your Bounds. Thou art mean enough already, and therefore oughtest to be quiet.

Vadislaws, whose Pride was not changed with his Cloathing, told her, that the Virtue of the Tree was not known but by the Fruit: That the Lapidary might be deceived in Colours; that Robes made not Kings, nor Rags Beggars; and therefore she might mistake him: And tho' his Cloathing discovered Poverty, his Employment might be honourable. *Mesia* hearing such an Answer come from a Person of his indifferent Figure, began to observe narrowly the Lineaments of his Face, and at last perceived him to be the late King *Vadislaws*; but still dissembling what she knew, made him this Answer.

Friend, if I have shot amiss, blame the Mark that I aimed at, and not my Judgment by your outward Shew: for we Country Maids are so homely brought up, that we reckon none Kings, but what wear Crowns; and all Beggars that are in Rags, or ask Alms. If your Degree

above your Appearance, it was your Fault; and not my
 ly: My Song, I hope, whatsoever you be, hath given
 Offence: If thou hast been rich, it tells thee what
 Trouble and Disquietude there is in Dignity; and that the
 Stage affords more Content than the Palace. If thou
 art never otherwise than as thou now art, then mayest
 thou see what Satisfaction is in Poverty, and learn to know,
 that the obscure Life contains the greatest Happiness.
 Kings are Men, and therefore subject to Misfortunes.
Vadislau being driven into a Passion by this Discourse,
 asked her, why she told him of Kings, seeing she her self
 was a Beggar. Because, said *Mesia*, thou didst
 when even now to be reckoned a Beggar. Nay, answered
Vadislau, but thou knowest, or at least dost suspect that
 I am a King. *Mesia* told him, she had small Reason to
 suppose such a thing, But desired him to tell her, if he
 was *Vadislau* the late deposed King. I am said he, the
 same. I tell thee Maid, every Way the same; for the
 Chance of Fortune hath not changed my Mind. Then,
 both *Mesia*, Fortune hath done ill to join in thee both
 Poverty and Pride: And since you are fallen into Pover-
 ty, let me advise you to bear it with Patience, and so die a
 more honourable Beggar than thou didst live a King: For
 Want is not a Deprivation of Virtue, but a Release from
 Care and Trouble. And if thou wonderest who it is that
 gives thee such friendly Counsel, know I am Daughter of
Vadislau, who was forced by thy Injustice into this Distress;
 and tho' my Father be now a King, yet I find such Satisfa-
 ction in this Condition, that I make but little Haste to ex-
 change it for a State of Greatness.
Vadislau carefully weighing every Word that proceeded
 from one whom he had so particularly injur'd, blush'd to
 deserve her Virtue; and yet as a Man whom Despair had
 harden'd, he was not touch'd with a just Conviction of
 his Faults, but in a melancholy Rage and Passion, flew
 from the Door, without answering one Word, or bidding
 her Farewel. *Mesia* taking Notice of the Obstinacy of his
 Temper, said to her self, What Folly is there greater than
 Pride which neither Age nor Poverty can cure? What af-
 terwards became of *Vadislau*, the History of that Coun-
 try

try makes no Mention ; but *Mesia* pitying the Affliction her Father might suffer for her Absence, in regard to Satisfaction, more than any Pleasure she promised her from Royal Grandeur, left the Country, and returned Court. The old Countess having finished her Story, the whole Company applauded it ; especially the old *E* who not only gave her Praise for her Pains, but commended the Moral, saying, Pride was one of those Sins which Nature had made without Change. That Fortune was Mistress over other Passions, and Time had a Remedy for other Ills, only Pride and the Gout were incurable.

T A L E II.

AFTER *Farnasio* and the rest had satiated their Appetite with Provision, and their Minds with Diversions, *Cosino*, one of the Company, ask'd the old Lady, why Painters in drawing Love, depicted him blind ; when, we see there is nothing wherein a deeper Insight is required, than in Love. The Countess taking Notice, that *Cosino* put this Question only to promote Conversation, told him that if he had spent but as many idle Hours about Beauties of the Mind, as he had done Days upon the Beauties of the Body, she would willingly have answered his Demand : But seeing it were Folly for a Soldier to teach *Orpheus* how to handle his Harp, she would answer him as *Zeuxis* did King *Perseus* ; who desiring him to shew he could draw the Picture of Envy, presently brought him a Looking-Glass, wherein the King viewing his own Face blush'd ; and yet for all this, said the old Lady, *Seigneur Cosino* doth not change Countenance, tho' we all know him to be a Lover ; and therefore within the Reach of Folly : Yet there is a true and perfect Love out of Folly, but such Love as you young Gentlemen pursue, which hath as great a Confusion of Passions, as *Ovid's* *Chaos* had of Simples, is what I mean ; in short it is Lust shadowed

with the Name of Love, which *Euripides* justly calls a
Fury.

I am glad, said *Farnatio*, that we are entered into the
Discourse of Love; for I will set apart this Night for the
Discovery of that which, when the Body is drown'd in
Voluptuousness, draweth on the Mind to the foul Deform-
ity of sensual Pleasures; a Fault too Epidemical among
us: And yet the Custom of the Sin hath so taken away
the Fault of the Offence, that we too often glory in the
Crime, and because, continued he, I know you *Cosimo*, to
be most amorous. I commit the Charge to you. *Cosimo*
seeing the Company smile, because the Earl had tied him
to such a Task, would willingly have surrendred up his
light, but fearing to displease, or discover where the
shoe pinch'd, arming himself with Patience, and seeming
contented, he spake thus.

Altho, Gentlemen, *Hiparchon* could play on his Flute,
yet he could not dispute of Musick, because the Practice
of his Finger was his Excellence, not his Skill in the Har-
mony of Composition. *Meneas* the Macedonian was a very
good Simpler; but knew not how to compound a Medi-
cine: So tho' I, as a Novice, have gazed at the Temple
of *Venus*, yet I am not able to discourse of the God of
Love. 'Tis no Consequence, that I, by feeling a few Pas-
sions, should be able to set down Principles, or that a
spark of Fancy should kindle a whole Flame of wanton
Reflections; yet, that I may not be reckoned over nice, I
will tell you what I have heard and read of this Folly.
The *Cyreniack* Philosophers, as *Aristippus*, *Epicurus*, &c. who
founded their Happiness in Pleasure, to shadow their bru-
ish Principles with some Shew of Reason, drew, as *Phidias*
did over his deformed Pictures, Curtains of Silk, that
the outward Veil might cover the Imperfection of his Art,
placing the Substance of Pleasure under the simple Super-
ficies of Virtue. But seeing my Charge is not to speak
generally of Pleasure, but of that Folly which claiming
the Name of Pleasure, most bewitches the Senses of all
other Objects, with Deceit; I mean Lust, which is chiefly
honoured with the Title of Love. I must confess my
self in this, to be of *Aristotle's* Opinion, who being ask'd

by *Alexander*, what Love was? answered, A *Metamorphosis* of Mens Bodies and Souls into contrary Shapes: For after that the Impression of Lust, struck from the fading Object of Beauty, hath crept in at the Eye, and possessed the Heart, we wholly deliver our selves up as Slaves to Sensuality.

You say true, said the old Countess, the Coffers of *Venus* are always empty, and therefore make the greatest Noise; for the Man that is drawn by a voluptuous Desire of immoderate Affections, and seeks to glut his outward Senses with Delight, first layeth his Foundation by Pride, hunting outways to attract a chaste Eye with the fine Appearance of Dress, under that Masque to entice the Mind to Vanity; others by Eloquence tickle the Ear with a pleasing Harmony of Words well placed in Rhetorick, but ill deigned in Honour: Some by Musick invite our Senses to yield to what our Reason strictly forbids. These Gentlemen are the Products of Love, as they are the Fruits of Folly. The same Bait is Flattery, which gives the deepest Wound to Chastity; for when you see the Mind armed with Virtue, hard to be won, and like the Diamond, resist the File, then you set all your Wits to work, to attack her with poetick Fictions; first telling her that her Beauty is beyond Description, then comparing her Face to *Venus*, and her Chastity to *Diana*, when you seek only to make her as common as *Lais*; then you declare how her Features have fired your Fancy, how Beauty hath bewitch'd you. What Grief, what Pain, what Sorrow, what Sighs, what Tears, what Complaints, what Passions, what Tortures, what Death is it not you endure, till you obtain your Mistress's Favour? Which got Infamy, concludes the Tragedy with Repentance; upon which I will relate the following Story to you.

While *Ninus* the Son of *Belus* reigned Sovereign over the Kingdom of *Babylon*, there dwelt in the Suburbs of that great City, a poor labouring Man called *Menon*, who was more honest than wealthy, and yet had enough to make him live contentedly amongst his Neighbours. This poor Man reckoned his Possessions large enough, as long as he enjoyed his Ground in Peace, like *Cincinnatus* the Roman,

who

no found Health of Body, and Quiet of Mind, the chief-
 Treasure, by tilling his Field with continual Toil and
 labour. But as Content had satisfied his Thoughts in
 this, so *Menon* was as highly favoured of Fortune; for he
 had a Wife of the Degree and Birth so beautiful, that
 there was none so fair in *Babylon*; so honest, that there
 was none more virtuous; so obliging, that there was not
 in the whole City who did not both love and respect
Semandra the Wife of *Menon*, for that was her Name; so
 that *Ninus* desired to have a Sight of her Beauty, and in
 disguise went to the poor Man's House, where seeing
 in a heavenly Piece about her homely House, sifter, as
 he thought, to be a Consort for a Prince, than a Wife for a
 subject, he sigh'd and griev'd, that she was not in his
 power to command; yet honouring her for her Virtue,
 when he saw she was beautiful, he departed with Resolution
 to be Master of his own Affections, and not deprive the
 Man of so great a Good.

After he was returned to the Palace, and was solitary by
 himself, the Idea of her Perfections so invaded his Mind
 in various Passions, that giving the Reins to his wanton
 appetite, he fell into these Expostulations. 'Unhappy
Ninus! and therefore unhappy because a King, and subject
 to Sensuality. Shall the Middle of thy Age be worse
 than the Prime of thy Youth? Shall Love conquer that
 which Fortune could never do? Shall the Heat of
 Affection search that in the Fruit, that it could never
 hurt in the Bud? Shalt thou govern a Kingdom, and
 canst not subdue thine own Passions? Peace, *Ninus*,
 come not so much as Love; erase out Fancy with Si-
 lence, and let the Continency of other Kings be Exam-
 ples for thee to steer thy Course aright by. *Alexander*
 made a Conquest of his Thoughts, when the beautiful
 Wife and Daughter of *Darius* tempted. *Cyrus* abstained
 from the Sight of *Panthea*, because he would not be in-
 temperate. *Pompey* would not speak to the Wife of
Demetrius, being she was fair: And what of all this *Ninus*?
Alexander had Concubines, and *Pompey* was not so chaste,
 but he liked *Phrinia*, and so mayst thou choose *Semandra*.
 She is poor and unfit for a King; but then she is fair, and

' fit for none but a King. She is honest, that is true ; but
 ' thou art a Monarch, and the Weight of a Scepter is able
 ' to break the strongest Chastity : What is more, *Ninus*
 ' she is another Man's Wife ; but then her Husband is
 ' thy Subject, whom thou mayest command, and he dare
 ' not disobey. Have not Beggars their Affections as well
 ' as Kings ? May not *Semandra*, nay, doth she not love
 ' poor *Manon* better than ever she will like *Ninus* ? Yes
 ' for Crowns are as far from *Cupid*, as Cottages ; Princes
 ' have no more Privilege over Fancy, than Peasants : Yet
 ' *Ninus*, fear not, *audaces fortuna juvat* ; command *Seman-*
 ' *dra*, nay, constrain her to love thee, and upon this re-
 ' solve : For Kings must have Power both over Men and
 ' Love.' *Ninus* resting here, determined to try the Mind
 of *Semandra*, how she was affected towards her Husband
 and therefore sent her a Letter to this Purpose.

King Ninus's Letter to Semandra.

IT may seem strange, *Semandra*, that the Monarch of
Babylon should write to the Wife of a poor Labourer
 seeing our Birth, Fortune, and Dignity are so far unequal.
 But if it be considered, that Kings are but Men, and
 therefore subject to Passions, thou wilt sooner have
 Cause to pity my Misfortune, than admire at my Writing.
 Did my Desire aim at a Kingdom, I would attempt to sa-
 tisfy my Ambition with my Sword : Did Envy cry out for
 Content, then could I step to revenge ? Were my Thoughts
 as insatiable as *Midas*, the World is a Store-House large
 enough, and I might compleat my Wishes by Friends or
 Fortune ; But the restless Sorrow that disquiets me, only
 remains in your Breast to calm. It is *Semandra*, the Goddess
 of Beauty which is favoured far above Dignity, that Gods
 have obeyed, and Man cannot resist. Thy Perfections have
 so engaged my Heart, that nothing pleases the Eye that is
 not thy Object, nothing the Ear, but *Semandra*. Seeing
 then the Monarch of *Babylon* is thy Captive, servile to thy
 Beauty, and his own Passions ; thou mayest boast, that
 Love hath destined thee such a Victory, and be not un-
 grateful to the Gods, by denying me what I desire, thy
 Love. But perhaps thou wilt object, that thou art mar-

and, and therefore tied to poor *Menon*, (for Love hath
 might me thy Husband's Name) that Virtue harboureth as
 with Beggars, as Princes; that Fame or Dishonour
 stoop as low as they can soar high. This *Semandra*, I
 confess; but Dishonour toucheth not the Vesture of a
 well; and the Concubines of Princes purchase Renown,
 Infamy. *Menon* is poor, and will rejoice to have such
 Rival as *Ninus*; the Poverty of *Semandra* darkens the
 glory of her Beauty, which the Love of a King shall en-
 rich with Ornaments. Then, *Semandra*, pity his Com-
 ments who is thy Sovereign, and might command, and
 desires to be thy Slave, and to obey. Think of this,
 farewel,

NINUS King of Babylon.

He committed this Letter to the Charge of one of his
 principal Officers of State, whom he made Confidant to
 his Secrets; who posting in Haste to *Semandra's* House,
 found her sweetly singing one of her Babes to Rest. The
 Courtier delighted with the Harmony of her Voice, stood
 while listening to her Melody, and then stepped into the
 House. When he enter'd in, the poor Woman being ama-
 zed, and her Cottage not used to such Sort of Guests, mo-
 stly blush'd; which gave such a Lustre to her former
 Beauty, and such a Specimen of her innate Virtue, that
 the Courtier began to envy the Happiness of his Sove-
 reign's Passion: Yet after her homely Fashion, she enter-
 tained him, being frighted when he delivered the Letter,
 for fear it had been some Warrant to apprehend her Hus-
 band as a Delinquent against the State; but by the Super-
 scription she soon perceived it was directed to her. Having
 before the Courtier such Provisions as her Cottage af-
 forded, and spread the Table with a clean Napkin, she
 kept aside to read the Contents of the Letter; which
 when she had seriously considered, she burst into Tears,
 lamenting the Day wherein the King had seen her Face, as
 the most unfortunate Accident of her Life, falling at last
 from Tears into these dreadful Exclamations.

' Arr

' Are the Destinies, poor *Semandra*, Fore-ordainers of
 ' Good or Ill, such unequal Distributers of their Gifts
 ' that some are blest'd with daily Favours, and others
 ' cross'd with continual Misfortunes? Have the Gods no
 ' Proportion in their Judgments? Could it not suffice, thou
 ' wert poor, but thou must be made miserable? Cannot
 ' Envy paint the Picture of Content at thy Cottage Door
 ' but she must repine? Is there no Shrub low enough to
 ' evade the Winds? No Woman poor enough, but it shall
 ' be fair, her Chastity is in Danger? Then, *Semandra*, be
 ' patient, but resolved; rather chuse Poverty and Sorrow
 ' than Disgrace and Infamy. Is Labour an Enemy to Love
 ' How then should it touch me who am never idle? There
 ' fore, fond Fool, doth Love envy thee, because thou art
 ' not idle: But yet, *Semandra*, consider who it is that
 ' courts thee to Love; *Ninus*, a King, a Monarch, and
 ' thy Sovereign; one whose Majesty may veil thy Failings
 ' and whose very Name may screen thee from the Preju-
 ' dice of envious Tongues, If thou offend, the Dignity
 ' of the Person will extenuate the Fault, and Fame dare
 ' not but honour the Concubine of a King. For Shame
 ' *Semandra*, sooth not thy self in such Follies. Is not Roy-
 ' alty an Object for every Eye to gaze at, and the Actions
 ' of Kings censur'd by every base-born Peasant? Yes,
 ' *Semandra*, Kings Faults, tho' they are past over with
 ' Dread, yet they are judged of with Discontent; the
 ' greater the Dignity, the greater the Offence. Shame
 ' followeth Vice every where, and Adultery deserveth Pu-
 ' nishment, as well in a King as a Beggar. *Meson* is poor,
 ' but he is thy Husband; in loving him, thou pleasest the
 ' Gods: *Ninus* is rich, and a Monarch; in delighting him,
 ' thou dishonourest thy self, and displeasest Heaven. Hath
 ' *Babylon* counted thee fair? thou art still so by keeping
 ' thy Beauty? Hath *Babylon* counted thee honest, remain
 ' so still by preserving thy Chastity? Be not more cautious
 ' of thy Beauty, than of thy Honesty. For many know
 ' thee by Fame that never saw thy Face. Then, *Sem-
 ' andra*, answer the King's Passion with Denial. But, alas!
 ' he threatneth Revenge. Sweeter it is to die with Re-
 ' putation, than to live with Infamy. Then why stayest
 ' thou

thou thus fondly debating with thy self? Reply as one
 that preferreth Fame before Life' And with that she
 took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote thus.

Semandra to King Ninus.

Kings are Gods, not that they are immortal, but that
 they are virtuous: Princes have no Privilege to do
 the chiefest Treasure is not Gold, but Honour: To
 conquer Kingdoms, is a Favour Fortune gives; but to sub-
 duce Affection, is what the Gods bestow. Love in Kings
 is princely, but Lust pernicious. Kings therefore wear
 Crowns, because they should be just. Justice gives every
 man his due; *Semandra* is *Mænon's* Wife, and therefore his
 faithful: The Gods punish Princes as well as poor
 Men; Adultery is odious, tho' graced with a Scepter:
 Princes Concubines prize Honour too dear, in selling the
 precious Jewel of Honesty for Gold: Death is far sweeter
 than Dishonour, Fame to be prefer'd before Friends. *Ni-*
nus is a King whose Throne is a Sanctuary for the Oppres-
 sed. *Semandra* is poor, yet honest, loves *Mænon* in her
 Heart, and will be loyal to him in her Age, being re-
 solved rather to die than once be found unchaste. Sub-
 jects should pray for their Sovereigns, wishing that they
 should live princely and die virtuous.

Semandra, the faithful Wife of poor Mænon.

His confused Chaos of Principles being written and
 put up, she delivered to the Courtier, who civilly taking
 Leave returned to Court, where the King waited im-
 patiently for his coming, and having received the Letter,
 instantly broke open the Seal, as big with mighty Expecta-
 tion; but instead of a kind Return of Love and Affection,
 he found nothing but a Heap of sententious Maxims
 and philosophical Axioms. The Laconick Style of *Semandra*,
 which by her Writing he found to be poor, honest, beau-
 tiful and wise, but had not that effect on him, poor Crea-
 ture, which she designed and aimed at; for instead of al-
 leasing his Passion with wise Advice, she inflamed his Heart
 with a deeper Affection; for where before he only was
 charmed

charmed with her Beauty, now he was entirely a Slave
 her Wisdom. *Pallas* gave him a deeper Wound than *Venus*
 and the Virtues of the Mind were more irresistible than
 the Form of the Body ; so that he persisted in his Passion
 and began to consider with himself, that the Means to pro-
 cure his own Happiness was only the Simplicity of *Menon*
 with whom he would make an Exchange rather than
 be disappointed of his Desires; an Exchange I mean
Ninus, being a Widower had one only Child, which was
 a Daughter about the Age of sixteen Years, whom he
 determined to give in Marriage to *Menon* rather than not
 joy *Semandra* ; thinking that the Fear of his Displeasure
 or his own Poverty, the Hope of Preferment or the Desire
 of Honour, would engage the poor Vassal to look to
 at Home before he refused such an Offer. Thinking to
 Pretence to be his best Policy, he resolv'd presently
 put it in Execution, and therefore presently ordered
 an Officer to fetch *Menon* to Court, who coming with
 a Commission to the poor Man's House, he found
 him and his Wife at Dinner ; to whom, after he had declar'd
 the Purport of his Message, he departed, desiring him
 speedily as possible to attend the King. *Menon*, though
 was amazed with the News, yet since he was apprehen-
 sive of no Guilt or Offence in himself was not afraid
 but with as much Haste as he could prepared to go.
Semandra dissembling any Suspicion she had of the Con-
 ture of the Message, fetched her Husband out his
 Holiday Cloaths, spruising him up after the neatest
 Fashion that *Ninus* might see it was not without Reason
 liked such a proper Man : Setting her Husband out
 cleanly to take his Way to Court, where at the Gate
 an Officer waited to conduct him into the Presence, where
 he was no sooner entered but the King, taking him aside
 began to talk to him after this Manner.

Menon, for a Prince to make long Discourses to his Subjects
 would be frivolous, seeing its the one's Privilege
 to command, and the other's Duty to obey ; therefore omit-
 ting any further Preamble, I speak thus to the Purpose
 Thou art poor, *Menon*, and yet a Lord over Fortune,
 I hear thou art content. Now it is not Riches to be

much, but to desire little ; yet to thy want Fate hath granted thee a Blessing that every Way compensates thy Poverty, I mean the Possession of thy Wife *Semandra*, whom my Eyes can witness to be both beautiful and fair. Envy that repines at thy Happiness, and Love that frowns at my Liberty joining their Strength together, have disturbed my Mind with such various Passions that it only lies in thy Power to mitigate the Cause of my Sufferings ; for know, *Menon*, I am in love with thy Wife ; a thing which will be difficult for thee to relish ; and yet it ought to be born with more Patience, when thou consider'st, thou hast a King, and thy own Sovereign, for thy Rival : *Semandra* it is that I ask of thee, *Menon*, to be my Concubine : Which if thou grant, think as thou art now poor and contented, so then thou shalt be rich and great. The poor Man, who thought his Wife had secretly given her Consent to this, made the following Answer.

I know, mighty Sovereign, that Princes may command, where poor Men cannot beg ; that the Title of a King is a Writ of Privilege in the Court of Love ; that Virtue is of small force to resist, where Wealth and Power are mutually united to assault ; therefore if *Semandra* is willing to give her Affections into your Majesty's Hands, I am resolved to resign up my Interest with Patience.

No, *Menon*, answer'd the King, as thy Wife is fair, so she is virtuous ; therefore where I cannot command, I will enforce. I mean, that I would have thee oblige her to love me. *Menon*, being sorry for the King's Words, made this Reply.

If my Wife, O King, be contented to prefer a Cottage before a Crown, and the Person of a poor Labourer before the Love of a Prince, let me not be so unnatural as to commit such a Villany as the very Beasts of the Field doth to commit. The Lion killeth the Lioness being taken in Adultery ; the Swan killeth her Mate for Suspicion in the same Fault ; and shall I, whom Reason inclines to be tender of what I my self have chose, force my Wife against mine and her own Inclination : Pardon me, dread Sovereign, never shall my Wife's Loyalty be revenged with such Treachery ; I had rather suffer Death than be impeach'd

impeach'd with such unkindness. *Ninus* hearing the poor Man so resolute, thought still there was no Adder so dead but had his Charm; no Man so obstinate, but by some Means might be reclaim'd, therefore he made him this Answer.

Menon be not so fond, as to prefer Fancy before Life nor so insolent, as to refuse the Favour of a King for the Affection of an inconstant Woman; tho' I mean to deprive thee of a present Satisfaction, that Loss shall be counterbalanced with a greater Blessing. For the exchange of *Semandra*, I design thee my Daughter *Sarencida*, so of a Subject to make thee a Son, that nothing shall divide us but a Crown and a Kingdom; for a poor Wife thou shalt have a rich Princess; from Poverty thou shalt rise to Honour; from a Beggar to a Prince. Consider with thyself, *Menon*, what Favour this is I grant thee, when I might possess my Desire by thy Death, yet I seek it at thy Hands by Intreaty and Preferment. Make use of the present Opportunity, for if thou refuse Dignity, my Daughter, and the Favour of a Sovereign, hope not to live, or to enjoy thy Wife, for *Ninus* e'er Night will force *Semandra*.

This severe Resolution of the King drove poor *Menon* to the utmost Distraction; for he considered with himself *Semandra* was a Woman, and tho' she was beautiful, was but a Woman, and had her Equals: He knew that *Sarencida* was Honourable, of Royal Birth, the Daughter of a King, beautiful, young, and rich; Dignity presented to his Imagination the Glory that springs from Honour, the sweet Content that Preferment affords, and how tempting a thing it was to be Son-in-Law to a King. These Thoughts, so unacquainted to the Mind of *Menon*, perplexed the poor Man; but when he called to remembrance the Constancy of *Semandra*, how the Motion of such a mighty Monarch was in vain to mitigate one Spark of her Affection; that neither Dignity, nor Death, nor the Majesty of a King, could persuade her to falsify her Faith, he return'd *Ninus* this Answer. As the Actions of Kings are countenanc'd by their superiour Rank and Dignity, so poor Men have Honesty, whereby to direct them

the Conduct of their Lives. *Diogenes* was as ambitious
 Glory as *Alexander* : The poor Man is as desirous to
 support his Reputation; as the Man of Quality; and the
 thoughts that smother from a Cottage, are as sweet a Sa-
 crifice to the Gods as the Perfumes of Princes. The Hea-
 vens are equal Distributors of Misfortunes, and the Desti-
 ny is Impartial in their Judgment: For Revênge as often
 shows Majesty for Injustice, as Poverty for doing Wrong;
 one offends with Intention, the other through Ne-
 cessity.

Then if your Majesty offer me Injustice, by taking
 my Wife forcibly, assure your self, that Honour is
 my Protection against Infamy, neither will the Gods sleep
 for the Revenge of poor *Mænon's* Wrong. As for your Offers,
 know that I esteem Preferment in an evil Action, Disgrace,
 and Honour; and the Favour of a Prince, in such a Cause,
 as displeasure to the Gods; I am sorry the unbridled Fury
 of Desire should so far over-rule the Law of Nature, as to
 hate the Love of a Father: Your Daughter I utterly
 despise; not that I condemn the Princess, but that I pity
 her Condition; and wish her better Fortune. For Death
 which you threaten, I scorn it, as preferring the Love of
 my Wife before Death were it never so terrible; for Po-
 verty allows me not to make any other Satisfaction for
 my unfeigned Affection than Constancy, which I will pay
 my Debt due to her: For why should not the Examples
 of such Historians hand down to us, encourage poor Men
 to honourable Resolutions. *Marcus Lepidus*, the Roman
 Consul, was forced into Banishment, and heard that the
 King, in despite to him, had given his Wife to another,
 who shortly died for Grief. When *Nero*, inflam'd with Lust
 seized the Wife of *Silanus* the Roman; neither regarding
 Law, nor Justice, nor the Gods, but opposing him-
 self to Heaven, rob'd the poor Citizen of his Wife, *Silanus*
 shut himself at the Palace-Gate, which brought that Em-
 perour into great Contempt among his Subjects. I instance
 in these Examples, but as one determined to follow
 Virtue, and either with Quiet live still the Husband of *Se-
 verus*, or let the World witness, I never was so coward-
 ly to deliver up so dear an Interest but by Death.

Ninus, enraged at the Answer which poor *Menon* gave, did not take his Language as a Persuasive from his Folly, but rather as a Provocation to further Passion; for the insatiable Desire after *Semandra* was so deeply imprinted in his Mind, and the foul Imagination of adulterous Thoughts had so blinded his Senses, that as a Man half Mad he became outrageous, and in a Passion taking a Sword that hung by him, he rush'd upon the poor *Man* and slew him; this cruel Action being thus unjustly executed, he felt no Remorse of Conscience, but as a Man wholly bent to Mischief, proceeded on his Purpose, and presently sent an Officer for *Semandra*, who no sooner heard the Message, but fearing that her Husband, for her sake, might come to some Misfortune, in the Dress she was then in, made what haste she could to Court, where being brought into the King's Chamber, *Ninus* having ordered the dead Body first to be removed, told her briefly all the Matter, how her Husband was slain, and that now he had sent for her, not to make her his Concubine, but his Queen. *Semandra* no sooner heard the Death of her Husband, but she fell into Fits, and was hardly brought to Life again; but at last being revived, she burst forth into Fountains of Tears, and bitter Exclamations against the Tyrant, who endeavoured to appease her with all the softest Endearments and Promises imaginable; but seeing nothing could prevail, he sent for his Daughter *Sarencida*, to whom he committed the Charge of *Semandra*, as of one that was to be a Queen and her Mother.

Sarencida not daring, whatsoever she thought, to disobey her Father's Command, led her by the Hand into her Chamber; and as Womens Persuasions are best Compellers of Womens Sorrows, she did so far mitigate part of her Grief, that she ceased from Tears, till at Night being alone in Bed, the Idea of her Husband presented itself to her Imagination, that being overcome with the Passion of Love, thinking to take the Benefit of the Place and Time, and determined to follow her Husband in his Fortune, she took a Dagger in her Hand, and standing by the Bed-side, fell into this furious Expostulation.

' *manda*

Semandra, this Day hath been the beginning of all Sor-
 row to thee, and the end of all thy Satisfaction; the
 Fame of thy Virtue, so generally spread throughout *Ba-
 bylon*, shall this Day, without any Fault in thee, be
 spotted with Infamy; the bloody Action of *Ninus* shall
 be charged on thee, and the Intent of his Death har-
 bour under the Suspicion of thy Dishonour. If thou
 wilt and become a Queen, yet this Deed shall make
 thee despised, even among Beggars. Then *Semandra*,
 seeing thou desirest hereafter Fame, seek not to live,
 but use the kindly Weapon thou hast in Hand, as a
 means to requite thy Husband's Love, and confirm thy
 former Virtue. *Pamthea* seeing her Husband slain in the
 Camp of *Cyrus*, sacrificed her self on his dead Body:
 When *Julia*, the Wife of *Pompey*, only saw her Hus-
 band's Gown bloody, suspecting some Misfortune, she
 fainted away and dy'd: *Aria*, the Wife of *Cecinna*, died
 with her condemned Husband before the *Capitol*. Let
 the Resolution of these noble Wives encourage thee to
 the like Constancy: Consider, *Semandra*, thy Husband
 is dead, and Deeds done cannot be recalled. *Ninus*
 means to make thee his Wife; his Wife, cowardly
 Wretch, answer thus, *The Gods forbid that to be a Queen,*
should ever wed him that hath been the Murderer of my dear
Husband.

And with this she was ready to stab her self to the
 heart, but staying her Hand, and pausing a while, she
 began to think with her self, how she might better re-
 turn the Injury offered by *Ninus* to her poor Husband;
 as we may suppose was the Argument that prevailed
 with her, for she suddenly let fall her Dagger, leapt into
 bed, and pass the rest of the Night in gentle Slumbers:
 and, indeed, had not the Sequel prov'd the contrary, it
 might have been conjectured, that the Hopes of a Crown
 had been the greatest Persuasion from her desperate Reso-
 lution. But letting this pass, *Ninus*, as soon as he was up,
 went to visit *Semandra*, and finding her in a better Con-
 dition than he left her, conceiv'd such Joy in the allay-
 ing of her Passions, that he presently summon'd all his
 Lords to Court, where he declar'd to them his Intentions,
 to

to make *Semandra*, Queen. The Nobility, whatever the thought, durst not contradict the Will of their Prince but agreed to his Demand, so that all things were prepared for the Coronation.

When the Noise of *Menon's* Death was spread through *Babylon*, every one, according to his Fancy, began to censure the Action, all in general wondering that so virtuous a Wife should commit so wicked a Fact, for every one thought her an Actor in the Tragedy; yet they consider'd, that Ambition and Honour were mortal Enemies to Virtue, and that none were so Chast, but a Crown might draw them to Folly. Well, murmur as they would, the King's Purpose took Effect, the Day came, and the Coronation was magnificently solemnized; the King conceiving such Happiness in his new Wife, that he continued the Feast for ten Days; which term being ended, every one departed Home, and the Royal Pair liv'd so contentedly in the Eye of the whole Kingdom, that she regain'd her Fame, by her Obedience to her Prince, and her Love to his Subjects; for Preferment had not elated her with Pride, nor Honour made her disdainful; the Title of a Queen had made no Change in her Mind, but as she grew in Grandure, she increased in Humility; bountiful to all that were Poor, and envious to none that were Noble; preferring the Suits of them that were wrong'd, and seeming to influence the King to do Justice to all.

Thus her virtuous Disposition not only stole the Hearts of her Subjects, but also the Love of the King, who, to increase his Affection the more, had a Son by her, who succeeded to the Crown. Passing three or four Years in great Satisfaction, the King being sated with Content and Pleasure, commanded his Wife to ask what she would, that was within the Compass of his Monarchy, and it should be granted her. *Semandra* refused such an Offer; but the King being urgent, summon'd all his Lords to Court, and there declared what a free Grant he had made to his Queen: The Nobility, tho' smiling at the King's fondness, that would wilfully part with the Power out of his own Hands, seem'd outwardly well pleased with the Will of their Prince; so that *Semandra* demanded, that

might absolutely, without controul, rule the *Babylonian* Empire as sole Queen for three Days.

The King, who not mistrusting that Revenge could so easily harbour in a Woman's Heart, granted her Request; and therefore presently caused a sumptuous Scaffold, in the form of a Theatre, to be erected in the midst of *Babylon*, where he summoned all Ranks of People together, upon the next Festival which was holden in honour of their God *Iphis*, he there, in presence of all his Subjects, resigned up his Crown and Sceptre into the Hands of *Semandra*, placing her in the Imperial Throne as sole Queen and Monarch. *Semandra* being thus invested with the Imperial and Regal Power, first publickly declared the Content of the King's Grant; how she was for the Term of Space of three Days, to reign as Sovereign over the Empire; to have as great Authority to do Justice, and to pronounce true Judgment, as her Husband; to confirm which, she, as a Subject, did her Reverence, and jointly with the Nobility, swore to perform whatsoever she should command, and to obey her as their sole and sovereign Princess. After the King had solemnly taken this Oath, *Semandra* spoke thus.

It is not unknown, worthy Peers and Inhabitants of *Babylon*, that I liv'd in my Youth the Wife of poor *Manon* with Reputation becoming my Condition, and with Fame equal to the Circumstances of my Life. I never gave Occasion for any false Reports to stain me with Disgrace, neither was the Wife of *Manon* reckoned a prodigal of her Favours, tho', perhaps, a little proud of her Beauty: The Poverty of my Husband never made me dislike him, nor could the tenders of Flattery ever persuade me to Inconstancy; but Fortune that is ever changing, and Envy that repines at Mens Quiet, seeing we liv'd securely in Love and Concord, set King *Ninus* to affect my Ruine; for he being enamoured with my Beauty, gave way to the Inclination of his libidinous Desires; till joyning Murther to his adulterous Intentions, he slew my Husband in his Bed-Chamber, the better to obtain his Purpose. After whom, I call the Gods to witness, I have liv'd for no other

' other Reason but to see this Day: Neither hath
 ' gain of a Crown countervailed my former Content;
 ' glittering Shew of Power and Honour hath not touch'd
 ' my Mind with Satisfaction; the vain Pleasure of
 ' vancement never made me proud; only, worthy Pe
 ' the Hopes I sustain'd, that one day I should reve
 ' poor *Menon's* Injuries, hath made me live in this C
 ' want and Patience which hath produced it, for it
 ' cometh a Queen in Justice to be Impartial; there
 ' how say'st thou, *Ninus*? Declare here before the Lo
 ' and Commons of *Babylon*, Wert thou not the sole M
 ' therer of my Husband, without my Consent? N
 ' answered with Fear, as one on whom the Sentence
 ' Death was already pronounced, looking with Con
 ' nation on *Semandra*; I confess, said he, that *Menon*
 ' only murder'd by me, but then it was only for
 ' Love of thee, which I hope *Semandra* will rememb
 ' yes, *Ninus*, and revenge the Death of *Menon*; there
 ' I command, that without farther delay, thy Head
 ' taken off, as a just Punishment due for Murther
 ' Adultery. The Nobility and Commons hearing
 ' severe Sentence of *Semandra*, all interceded for
 ' Life of their Sovereign, but to no purpose, for she
 ' parted not from the Scaffold till she saw her Comm
 ' executed; which done, she buried him Royally,
 ' governed the Kingdom with the exactest Justice,
 ' her Son was at Age to Rule.

T A L E III.

MOrning being come, and the Sun displaying his radiant Beams on the gloomy Mantle of the Earth, she presented her Beauties to the Eye, and her sweet scents to the Nose, in the delight of various pleasing odorous Flowers ; when the young Gentlemen in *Farnas* House, being ashamed that *Titan* should summon them from their Beds, hasted into the Garden, where they found the old Earl, his Countess, and four Daughters, walking for their Health and Pleasure on a new-laid Bed of Camomil ; when after the common Salutation of the Day, they all join'd in mutual Conversation ; among the rest *Bernardino*, a young Gentleman of *Farnas* Family, seeing a Sun-Flower opening its Leaves by degrees as the Sun advanc'd, pulling one of the Ladies by the Sleeve, began to entertain her thus. The Nature of this Flower, Madam, which we call the *Sun-Flower*, the Greeks *Heliotropion*, is thought by the Ancients to be formed only by Nature, to teach the Duty of a Wife towards her Husband, for this Flower gives us a Specimen of her Affection ; so that which way soever the Sun turneth it still openeth the Leaves by degrees ; and as the Sun declineth, so it shuttereth : That *Phæbus* being gone, this Darling of his Influence denies any longer to show her Glory : Thus a good Wife should imitate her Husband's Actions ; be pleasant and facetious in his Presence ; modest and contented in his Absence. Well, said the Lady, I have often heard indeed, that young Men, Wives, and Maids Children, are always well taught : No doubt, Sir, your æconomical Precepts are very good, and may be happy that hears them, but I am sure she's a Fool that believes them. I wish your Wife, continued she, may be a *Sun-Flower*, whensoever you are married, that to avoid you may always wear her pin'd to your Sleeve. But in earnest, Madam, answered the Gentleman, What do you think of the Man that is married ?

F

"Tis

'Tis no matter at present, said the Lady, to give a Reply ; but we shall find all you Marriage-Haters in time like the Cynick, who tho' he rail'd perpetually against Marriage, was seen begging a Piece of Bread at the Door. *Bernardino*, finding the Lady grow warm, thought it better to recant, than make her angry ; and therefore told her his meaning was, not to condemn Marriage, but for Conversation-sake, to jest : Then, Sir, said she, since 'tis only a Jest, let us not spoil Company.

The old Countess from hence took Occasion to interrupt them, by saying, she had a Story to tell of Intemperance in Drinking : Infinite, said she, are the Examples which might persuade us to the contrary Virtue ; but we are so bigotted now a-days, as to leave off the Study of Philosophy, and learn the Art of Cookery. In the City of *Gratz*, in *Hungary*, there rul'd sometime a Duke, whom we shall call *Antonio*, a Person of noble Birth and generous Education, but so addicted to the filthy Vice of *Drunkenness*, that he almost subverted the City with Intemperance, so that he oft-times fell into tyrannous and unnatural Cruelties, as one that would be absolute over himself, and pronounce false Sentence against the Innocent, just as Excess, Humour, and Inclination led him. But above all, a poor Man having a Cause to be heard before him, which, according to the Laws of his Country he was assured by Council would be pronounced in his favour : *Antonio* coming drunk into Court, sleepy and weary, and not considering the Equity or Justice of the Cause, gave Sentence against the poor Man ; and not only so, but condemn'd him in so large a Sum, that scarce all he had was able to discharge. Well, the Verdict being given, he has no other Remedy, but to abide by the Judgment of the Duke, and to make Sale of all that he was possess'd of, to answer the Sentence of Condemnation ; which done, there was not enough remaining to support his Wife and Children ; whereupon Poverty, the heaviest Burthen a Man can bear, represented to him the Prospect of many Misfortunes, which seem'd inevitable Consequences of Distress and Want, wherein after the Wretch had gaz'd for a long time, he fell into the utmost

Despair

Despair; so that flying out of his own House, full of such dismal Reflections, he found a Halter at the Stable Door, and running into the Field went to hang himself in a small Wood hard by, where entring into Consideration, he thus expostulates:

Infornate *Rustico*, for so we will call him, how art thou oppressed with various Passions; Distresses haling thee on to Despair, and the Care of thy Family willing thee rather to chuse Poverty than Disgrace. Well did *Timon of Athens* see the Misery of Man's Life, when he bought a Piece of Ground whereon he plac'd Gibbets, and spent his Time in such Reflexions of Despair, as to persuade his Friends to hang themselves, and so avoid the imminent Perils of innumerable Misfortunes: So *Rustico* be thou an *Athenian*, be one of *Timon's* Friends; listen to his Doctrine, follow his Counsel, prevent Misery with Death. But, alas! this is not sufficient, for in freeing thy self from Calamity, thou leavest thy Wife and Children in a thousand Sorrows, and disappoints all thy Hopes of further Revenge. Revenge, yes Revenge *Rustico*, for assure thy self, if thou livest not to do it, the Gods are just, and will not let *Antonio* escape unpunished. Hath not the accursed Duke to Drunkenness added Injustice? Yes; and therefore deserves to be revenged with thy own Hand. Then comfort thy self, *Rustico*, let not Despair arm thee to such an Heathenish Resolution; rather live to revenge, than die to double thy Misery; and seeing the Duke hath used thee thus barbarously, deal by him as *Severus* did by his Secretary, Let him perish by Smoak. The poor Man from these Complaints fell into Tears, that overcoming his Passion drowned him in Sleep, where, in a Dream, he meditates the Thoughts of his Revenge; as soon as he waked he went home, and contrary to his late Custom, he grew merrier than usual, and far from being sullen, daily frequents the Duke's Palace, where giving himself up to continued Drinking, he became in time a Favourite with the Duke, who had forgot the injurious Judgment against the poor Man. On a proper time, when Opportunity offer'd, he entreated the Duke that when he went a Hunting, he would do

him the Honour to Visit his poor Habitation, where he promis'd him no costly Entertainment, but assured his Grace of a Glass of excellent Wine. This was enough to persuade the Duke to a Matter of greater Consequence, so that he consented to come.

The poor Man being over-joy'd that his Designs were like to succeed, went home and made Sale of all that he had, even to his very Shirt, to the great Sorrow of his Wife, and the Wonder of his Neighbours, who could not guess at the Occasion. As soon as he had supply'd himself with Money, he bought the choicest Provisions and most delicious Wines that he could meet with, conveying them Home to his House, where, within two Days after, the Duke sent his Providitor before-hand, letting the poor Man know that he would dine with him, who providing nobly, set all the Wealth he was Master of in the World at once upon the Table, and entertain'd the Duke with such a hearty Welcome, that he not only wonder'd where *Rustico* got such Store of Provisions, but he return'd him the utmost Thanks of a Courtier; *Rustico* serv'd his Wine so plentifully about, that *Don Antonio* fell to his old Vice of sottish Drunkenness to the greatest Excess. The poor Man seeing him drink so freely, went to one of his Trumpeters, and told him the Duke commanded, that he should by Sound of Trumpet summon all the Citizens to appear at his House without Delay or Excuse: Which Command was presently obey'd, and the Magistrates, with the chief Men of the City, wondering what this should mean, hastened to the House of *Rustico*, where they found a Scaffold erected at the Door to their great Admiration; but after they had waited a while *Rustico* came forth, and address'd them thus.

Worthy Citizens and Burgomasters, I know you will wonder why you are summon'd hither, especially seeing me appear thus who am a poor ignorant Man, and unfit to address such wise understanding Magistrates. But, Gentlemen, it is the Care of my Country, and especially this City, which is like to be ruin'd for want of a just Governour, that forces me to this resolute and desperate Attempt. The Duty of a Magistrate consists

Three Things, in Ruling, Teaching, and Judging
 right ; that he be Wise, to Govern ; virtuous, to give
 example, and Impartial, to Judge. If then that State
 be happy that is govern'd by such a Prince, in what
 distress is that City that wanteth such a Magistrate,
 and yet hath *One*, that neither Ruleth, Teacheth, or
 doth Justice.

Philip of Macedon being desir'd by an old Woman to
 hear her Complaint, answer'd, He had no Leisure : Then,
 she, be no longer King ; meaning, that a Prince
 ought not to attend the Affairs of the State, more than his
 private Business or Pleasure. Then, worthy Citi-
 zens, what may that City say, whose Governour is given
 up to Sensuality ; that delights not in Justice, but in
 superfluity ; that honours not the Seat of Judgment, but
 filleth the Place with Drunkenness ; that seeketh not
 to learn Wisdom, but gorge his Stomach ? Such a One,
 worthy Citizens, have we for our Duke, our Governour,
 our Magistrate ; and as he utter'd that Word, his poor
 Wife and Children drag'd the Duke upon the Scaffold,
 who was all besmear'd in his own Filth, and resembling
 not a Brute Beast than a Man, he cry'd aloud to all
 the People, See, Burgo-Masters and Fellow-Citizens,
 your Duke, your Magistrate, your Governour, who is
 upon the Scaffold to hear the Complaints of the Fa-
 therless and Widow, and to minister Justice. This is
 the Man that condemn'd me in the Half of my Goods
 for Injustice, and the other Half I have Sold to purchase
 my Object. The one he gave away being Drunk, the
 other this Day he hath consumed in Gluttony. Now,
 Citizens, are you not ashamed at this Sight ? What shall
 our Neighbours say of us ? What City can rejoice where
 there is such a Governour ? If you suffer this, the Com-
 monwealth is like to be undone, and you and your Chil-
 dren bear the Burthen of a superfluous Tyrant : See what
Antico has done for his Country, and use him as you
 see fit.

The Burgo-Masters, by a general Consent, gave Com-
 mand that he should be uncovered upon the Scaffold,
 and lie there till he came to himself, and in the mean
 time

time they all assembled and determin'd his Exile Duke, after he had taken two or three Hours Sleep, ing himself upon an open Scaffold, was ashamed hearing what had happened to him by means of his Contrivance, and how the Burgo-Masters had resolv'd his Banishment, as one too sensible of the Horror of Fact to bear the Reflection, he went off the Stage in last Despair, and instantly hang'd himself: which being brought to the Senate, *Russico* was unanimously Elected Governour of the City.

F I N I S

